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FROM JEFFERSON TO WILSON

BY JOHN CORBIN

IN the early nineteenth century the world of free institutions was in a death struggle with Napoleon, precisely as of late it has been in a death struggle with the Prussian. Then, as in our recent past, we were forced to choose between a profitable if precarious neutrality and a vigorous stand for the right. Jefferson, like Wilson, had won his high office as a representative of democracy; and Jefferson, like Wilson had theories and ideals that prevented an active part in the defense of freedom. In order to gain our rights as a neutral, Jefferson attempted to play off England against Napoleon, and Napoleon against England, writing diplomatic notes and presidential pronouncements without number; and, unfailingly, our interests suffered and our national honor was humbled. Meantime Jefferson hesitated to prepare for war, with the result that when it came the nation was plunged into a chaos of waste and inefficiency. In only one respect does the parallel fail. In 1812 our enemy was the champion of European freedom; and, whatever our historians make out, we gained not one of the rights for which we fought. In 1917 our enemy was the enemy of mankind, our allies the free nations; and today the high courage of our soldiers has its reward.

The broad outlines of this historic parallel are obvious to all; but its underlying psychology has yet to be explored. If the "ideals" that guided us eleven decades ago are the ideals of today, they can scarcely fail to be a factor tomorrow, and a very serious factor.

It was Jefferson's mature opinion, deliberately expressed, that "those societies (as the Indians) which live without government, enjoy in their general mass an infinitely greater degree of happiness" than was possible under the English system of government; and he called it

"a problem not clear in my mind" whether the "unrestraint" of Indian life were not preferable to the restraints imposed by our own newly established Constitution. The personal influence of the wise and the good, he thought, was most powerful when unhampered by laws and institutions. He stated the idea in many forms. "Were it left to me to decide whether we should have a government without newspapers or newspapers without a government, I should not hesitate a moment to prefer the latter." And this was said of the newspapers of the eighteenth century, which could not be surpassed in ambushed treachery and exultant truculence if they had been written by red Indians.

Historians have not considered sufficiently this ideal of government. Jefferson's biographer, Morse, who in general is sympathetic and appreciative, dismisses it as "stuff" and "nonsense." Henry Cabot Lodge, whose sympathy is less perfect, calls it "utter rubbish." But Jefferson's belief in individual freedom unrestrained was as passionate as his statement of it was picturesque. As our historians should have known, both the idea and the illustration were derived from Rousseau's *Discourse upon Inequality*, which the "philosophers" who set on foot the French Revolution took for Bible truth. Jefferson was proud to be numbered among them, and made his house in Paris, which happened to be the American Embassy, the scene of their plottings against the monarch to whom he was accredited.

Is this *laissez faire* ideal of government extinct today? Hardly. In a campaign speech of 1912, Woodrow Wilson declared it in a form only slightly more generalized: "The happiest nation is that which is governed least." Theodore Roosevelt challenged the dictum. In one of the few passages of clear thinking with which our politics have been enlivened, he placed it historically among the distorted half truths which were thrown out in the eighteenth-century struggle against monarchy. A nation which governs itself is very far from happy unless its government is thoroughly organized and efficient. If Mr. Wilson is to be judged by his deeds, and not by his words, he is least of all men an exponent of the no-government ideal.

Jefferson's instincts were equally autocratic; but he had to wait many years before he became President, and so we have our earliest illustration of the difference between the theories of our philosopher-Presidents and their practice.

The theories bulk largest in the struggle for office. During the first two administrations under our Constitution, the most critically important in its history, Jefferson was Secretary of State, with an ambition to be President, and he made his theories the basis of bitter opposition to his two great colleagues.

To Washington the National Administration seemed lacking in organized authority. "Influence is not government," he said in one of his rare but stupendously vital phrases. With the inspiration and aid of Hamilton, he set about strengthening the Federal power, as far as it could be legally strengthened under the constitution—mainly by means of rendering stable the national finances. If Jefferson's theories of individual liberty were crude, his theories of finance were chaotic. He saw in the measures of Washington and Hamilton only an effort to fix upon our newly enfranchised people an Anglophile system of monarchy. He called the Federals "monocrats" and "Anglomen"; and, though a member of Washington's Cabinet, he fought the new measures by every means at his command. These included an expedient worthy of the admired red man.

He imported from New York, and put on the salary list of his Department of State, a journalist, Freneau, with whom he wrote or caused to be written, a series of anonymous articles charging the Secretary of the Treasury with personal dishonesty and public treason. Hamilton defended himself in a reply that left Jefferson crushed and quivering. But the great soul of Washington was distressed unutterably by so scandalous a controversy between the two leaders of his Cabinet; it probably shortened his life. The tragedy was not without its satiric afterpieces. When Jefferson became President he possessed an authority over Congress and over public opinion which has seldom been equaled; and he used it with an assurance very strange in so bitter an opponent of monocracy. Yet he never ventured to alter in the slightest particular Hamilton's financial system, which lived to be recognized throughout the world as among the few great monuments of creative statesmanship. With one Gargantuan gulp Jefferson swallowed it, and his philosophic face became grave again. That moment remained without a parallel in our history until the late war, which had so long been "not our war," became over night our own exclusive property; while our Administra-

tion, re-elected because it had kept us out of it, became the world champion of belligerency.

Jefferson's hatred of Hamilton was not swallowed with that mouthful, nor yet his conviction that Washington was culpably callous toward the Rousseau-Indian ideal of liberty. He gave an eager ear to every bit of gossip tending to discredit them both, jotted it down in a compilation of *Hamiltoniana* and *Washingtoniana*, which he quaintly called "Anas," and carefully revised it in his old age for publication after his death, not scrupling to add the most categorical and virulent calumnies. Hamilton's measures, the Anas alleged, were grounded in financial corruption and intended to bring on a monarchy. Washington, if not actually Hamilton's accomplice, feared the ultimate failure of popular government and was so far gone in a mental decay as to become his dupe. Jefferson's literary executor felt officially bound to publish the Anas; but he felt equally bound in honor to disclaim personal responsibility for the act. So from his grave Jefferson delivered his final blow against the reputation of his old comrades, long dead.

It is with no desire to tarnish his just fame that I recall these unlovely pages of our history. Jefferson amply deserved and will always retain his position as the last of the great fathers. He bore a revelation quite beyond the scope of the class-bound if brilliantly constructive Hamilton, beyond even the majestic vision of Washington; for he first understood the people of the United States and trusted them. He is at once their prophet and their titular saint. His own explanation of the Anas was that he meant them as a corrective against the Federalist bias of Marshall's *Washington*, and it was doubtless sincere. His conviction was undying that the "revolution" toward democracy which he brought off in 1800 "was as real a revolution in the principles of our government as that of 1776 was in its form." In other men, much that he did might be stigmatised in terms too harsh to be here set down. In him it is to be explained, and in a large measure to be pardoned, by a due realization of the two dominant traits in his character, a passionate devotion to ideals abstractly beautiful and a no less passionate devotion to theories concretely false. He was not always honest; but the root of his dishonesty lay in his mind rather than in his heart.

Jefferson's two administrations as President, and the

consequence of them as it developed in the War of 1812, are covered in the nine volumes by Henry Adams. It is probably the most exhaustively documented, as it is one of the most ably written, contribution to our national history; and its portrayal of Jefferson's high idealism, of his devious astuteness as a politician, and of the ultimate futility of his diplomacy, lacks only the analogy of the Great War to point its irony. Among its many additions to our knowledge of the period, is the discovery that in Washington Irving's *Knickerbocker History of New York* the portrait of Governor Wilhemus Kieft is a thinly veiled burlesque of the then President of the United States. From the point of view of the twentieth century, this light hearted caricature affords perhaps the most significant of all contemporary views of Jefferson.

How has so striking a fact remained so long perdue? When Walter Scott read the *Knickerbocker History*, he wrote to Henry Brevoort that his sides were "absolutely sore with laughing"; and he expressed regret that, "as a stranger to American parties and politics," he had lost "much of the concealed satire of the piece." But neither of Irving's biographers, Pierre M. Irving and Charles Dudley Warner, enlightens us on this point. In 1809, Irving was a young man of twenty-six, unknown except as a dilettante in society and in letters. The truth seems to be that his political allusions were completely overshadowed by his satire on the ancestors of the local Dutch aristocracy—which even today makes Irving's name anathema among the children of Saint Nicholas. But there can be no doubt that his interest in our national affairs was keen. His brother, Peter, who collaborated with him on the opening chapters of the *Knickerbocker History*, was editor of an anti-Jeffersonian newspaper. In the War of 1812 he served as staff officer with the rank of Colonel. He was a close friend of Stephen Decatur and narrowly missed being with him on the *Guerrière* during the brilliant sea fight in which she captured the Algerian frigate *Mazouda*. In the *Knickerbocker History*, the prevailing spirit is of bubbling merriment; but in so far as its references are political it is inspired by the firm patriotism and sense of national dignity which are so conspicuous in Irving's later works.

Adams quotes only two brief passages; and these, from our modern point of view, are scarcely the most significant.

If he could have known that Irving's satire was a double-barreled weapon, making a forward-and-back shot inerantly, he would doubtless have been more liberal in quotation. Like Jefferson, Kieft was a "scientist."

His abode, which he had fixed at a Bowerie or country-seat a short distance from the city, abounded with proofs of his ingenuity: patent smoke-jacks that required a horse to work them; carts that went before the horses; weather cocks that worked against the wind; and other wrong-headed contrivances that astonished and confounded all beholders.

Of Jefferson's "contrivances" the most famous today is a garden wall at the University of Virginia, which he managed to build with a single thickness of brick by making it meander in serpentine convolutions.

As far as the satire is political, it strikes at the President's two dominant traits, a passion for peace and a determination to enforce it upon the world with all the vigor of his personal authority. No more compendious means could be found of completing the message which Jefferson indites historically to Wilson.

Here is Irving's estimate of the statesmanship of the Sage of the Bowerie Monticello:

It is in knowledge as it is in swimming: he who flounders and splashes on the surface makes more noise, and attracts more attention, than the pearl-diver who quietly dives in quest of treasure to the bottom. The vast acquirements of the new governor were the theme of marvel among the simple burghers of New Amsterdam. I have known in my time many a genius of this stamp; but, to speak my mind freely, I never knew one who, for the ordinary purposes of life, was worth his weight in straw. In this respect, a little sound judgment and plain common sense is worth all the sparkling genius that ever invented theories.

Jefferson's first contact with the European turmoil came through the closing of the mouth of the Mississippi to our commerce. A war with Napoleon seemed inevitable, in which our natural allies were the English. Jefferson preferred peace at whatever price. He bought the territory of Louisiana, thus giving Napoleon sorely-needed financial aid in his assault upon the liberties of Europe. The purchase was absolutely illegal. As he himself expressed it, it "made blank paper of the Constitution." The assumption of executive authority with which he accomplished it, filled Hamilton with satiric glee and might well have made

the law-revering Washington turn in his grave. He loosened still further our construction of the Constitution by placing over the territory a proconsular governor who ruled it in the best monarchic manner of France and Spain, without the consent of the inhabitants and, in fact, against their will. So the origin of our so-called "imperialism" is the work of a President inveterately pledged to strict construction in the interests of *laissez faire* individualism. In this respect at least our Constitution is an unwritten instrument. The irony of the situation is not lessened by the fact that the Louisiana purchase was the one undoubted political achievement of Jefferson's two administrations.

As such it was of course immune from burlesque. But Jefferson's triumph was short lived, for it led him into an endeavor to which the longest national purse would have been unequal, namely, the endeavor to secure the rights of our commerce on the Atlantic by peaceful means. Here Irving's satire becomes drastic. It was Wilhelmus Kieft who "invented" a wonderful "new and cheap mode" of fighting the enemies of his state "by proclamation."

The character of Jefferson's pacifism stands forth in salient outline to us who have lived through the Great War. As his successor of today was suspected of playing into the hands of the Hun, so Jefferson was roundly accused of being "wholly sold to" Napoleon. Many cities and towns published petitions in protest, among which none is more touching than that of the village of Alfred, in Maine. It charged the Administration with provoking war between the United States and England in order "to gratify the ambition and caprice, and to augment the power, of the Tyrant of France." It continued: "We are the poor inhabitants of a small town, rendered poorer by the wayward and inconsistent policy of the general government; but life and liberty are as dear to us as to our opulent brethren of the South. . . . We love liberty in principle, but better in practice." The charge of subservience to Napoleon was of course unfounded. Jefferson's true motives are expressed in his letter to Sir John Sinclair, which Sinclair communicated to the Cabinet:

We see with great concern the position in which Great Britain is placed, and should be sincerely afflicted were any disaster to deprive mankind of such a bulwark against the torrent which has for some time been bearing down all before it. But peace is our passion. . . .

We prefer trying *every* other just principle, right, and safety, before we would recur to war.

"Peace is our passion!" It was that, and more. As clearly as the intelligentsia of today, Jefferson held that war was obsolete, or would become so just as soon as a firm appeal was made to the enlightened self interest of nations. He meant to make that appeal, and so to inaugurate a new era of peace. Henry Adams sums up his theory as follows:

He was convinced that governments, like human beings, were on the whole controlled by their interests, and that the interests of Europe required peace and free commerce with America. Believing a union of European Powers to be impossible, he was willing to trust their jealousy of each other to secure their good treatment of the United States. Knowing that Congress could, by a single act, divert a stream of wealth from one European country to another, he believed that foreign governments would not long resist their own interests.

Jefferson stated the principle almost as clearly; and he had besides a catch phrase for it. To Dr. Logan he wrote: "Our commerce is so valuable to them that they will be glad to purchase it, when the only price is to do us justice. I believe that we have in our hands the means of peaceable coercion." To Chancellor Livingston he wrote that he considered our rights on the Atlantic "not worth a war." He added: "Nor do I believe war the most certain means of enforcing them." The most certain means were "those peaceable coercions. . . ." And so the Sage of Monticello undertook to put Napoleon Bonaparte in his place—by peaceable coercion.

If anyone is inclined to laugh at the idea, let him turn to the bible of the modern pacifist—*The Great Illusion*. In the twentieth century we have a vast fund of economic data which Jefferson did not command; but Norman Angel's argument is identical, in its general outlines as in its conclusion, with that of our first Great Pacificator. A numerous school of "philosophers" today believe that the peace of the future will be amply safeguarded by merely economic coercions. When the world once understands its true interests, it will rise above warfare, aloof and serene. It will be too proud to fight.

What happened has a strangely familiar ring. We were caught between the Symplegades. England invented international law to the great prejudice of our commerce,

continuing as always to kidnap American sailors and impress them into the British navy; and the only result of a series of emissaries, and of innumerable diplomatic notes, was the flippant sarcasm of George Canning, who used his great office for the exploitation of undergraduate wit. To Napoleon our "means of peaceable coercion" proved a godsend. He seized our ships and sold their cargoes to equip his soldiers. But our passion for peace was undaunted alike by insult and injury. Jefferson secured from Congress a non-intercourse act, and finally an embargo, which he enforced with an usurpation of Federal power as distinct as that of the Louisiana purchase. Along the borders, non-intercourse was defied by smugglers; but the country as a whole which, since the devastation wrought by the Revolution, had been rapidly gaining in prosperity, was again verging toward ruin. And so we reach the date of Irving's *Knickerbocker*. It is an era humiliating alike to our national honor and to our common sense; but Irving's account of the high adventures of Governor Wilhelmus Kieft will persuade us, if anything can, that "to laugh is better than to weep."

The first object of Kieft's peaceable coercions was the neighboring folk of Connecticut.

Never was a more comprehensive, a more expeditious, or, what is still better, a more economical measure devised, than this of defeating the Yankees by proclamation,—an expedient likewise so gentle and humane that there were ten chances to one in favor of its succeeding. But then there was one chance to ten that it would not succeed. As the ill-natured fates would have it, that single chance carried the day! The proclamation was perfect in all its parts, well constructed, well written, well sealed and well published; but, provoking to relate, the Yankees treated it with the most absolute contempt, applied it to an unseemly purpose; and thus did the first warlike proclamation come to a shameful end,—a fate which I am credibly informed has befallen but too many of its successors.

When convinced that "his much vaunted war measure" was ineffectual, Kieft "attributed the failure to the quantity, not the quality of the medicine, and resolved to double the dose." To peaceable coercion, by proclamation, he added a non-intercourse act. He forbade "all intercourse with these Yankee intruders, ordering the Dutch burghers on the frontiers to buy none of their pacing horses, measly pork, apple sweetmeats, Weathersfield onions or wooden bowls, and to furnish them with no supplies of gin, ginger-

bread or sauerkraut." The failure of this measure was even more dire. "Non-intercourse was especially set at nought by the young folks of both sexes, if we can judge by the active bundling which took place along the borders."

The insolence of the Yankees increased so alarmingly that "everybody clamored around the governor, imploring him to put the city in a complete posture of defense. And he listened to their clamors. Nobody could accuse William the Testy of being idle in a time of danger." He called all his well known inventive powers to his aid. "At length, after a world of consultation and contrivance, his plans of defense ended in rearing a great flagstaff in the center of the fort, and perching a wind mill on each bastion." Nor was this windy contrivance the only substitute for government by proclamation.

There lived in the Manhattoes a jolly, robustious trumpeter, named Antony Van Corlear, famous for his long wind; and who, as the story goes, could twang so potently upon his instrument that the effect upon all within hearing was like that ascribed to the Scotch bagpipe when it sings i' the nose.

Antony the Trumpeter was elevated to the post of commandant of windmills and champion of New Amsterdam. It is not clear precisely who was the Jeffersonian original of the windy Antony; but in the twentieth century we know very well who was the presidential press agent. Then as later there were pigmy-minded doubters, "who sneered at the governor for thinking to defend his city by mere wind." But William Kieft "twanged defiance at the whole Yankee race. Nay, he had almost the temerity to compare [Antony's trumpet] with the ram's horns celebrated in holy writ, at the very sound of which the walls of Jericho fell down."

Among the many exploits of Kieft and his robustious trumpeter, the most memorable is an expedition against Killian Van Rensselaer, who had usurped control over Bearn Island in the Hudson, and glowered defiance from his fortress of Rensselaerstein. Antony the Trumpeter was despatched on the yacht Goed Hoop as ambassador, and "mounting the poop, sounded a parley to the fortress. In a little time, the steeple-crowned hat of Nicholas Koorn, the wacht-meester, rose above the battlements, followed by his iron visage, and ultimately his whole person, armed to

the very teeth; while one by one a whole row of Helderbergers reared their round burly heads above the wall, and beside each pumpkin head peered the end of a rusty musket. Nothing daunted by this formidable array, Antony Van Corlear drew forth and read with audible voice a missive from William the Testy, ordering the garrison to quit the premises, bag and baggage, on pain of the vengeance of the potentate of the Manhattoes." The reply of Nicholas Koorn sorely perplexed the trumpeter.

The wacht-meester applied the thumb of his right hand to the end of his nose, and the thumb of his left hand to the little finger of the right, and spreading each hand like a fan made an aerial flourish with his fingers.

The best Antony Van Corlear could make of his reply was that it meant something mysterious and masonic.

Not liking to betray his ignorance, he again read with a loud voice the missive of William the Testy, and again Nicholas Koorn applied the thumb of his right hand to the end of his nose, and the thumb of his left hand to the little finger of the right, and repeated this kind of nasal weathercock. Antony Van Corlear now persuaded himself that this was some short-hand sign or symbol, current in diplomacy, which, though unintelligible to a new diplomat like himself, would speak volumes to the experienced intellect of William the Testy; and considering his embassy therefore at an end, he sounded his trumpet with great complacency, and set sail on his return down the river, every now and then practicing this mysterious sign of the wacht-meester to keep it accurately in mind.

The governor was no less perplexed than his trumpeter.

He knew every variety of windmill and weathercock, but was not a whit the wiser as to the aerial sign in question. After fruitless pondering he called a meeting of his council. Anthony Van Corlear stood forth in the midst, and putting the thumb of his right hand to his nose, and the thumb of his left hand to the finger of the right, he gave a faithful facsimile of the portentous sign. Having a nose of unusual dimensions, it was as if the reply had been put in capitals; but all in vain; the worthy burgomasters were equally perplexed with the governor. Each one put his thumb to the end of his nose, spread his fingers like a fan, imitated the motion of Anthony Van Corlear and then smoked in dubious silence. Several times was Antony obliged to stand forth like a fogleman and repeat the sign, and each time a circle of nasal weather-cocks might be seen in the council chamber.

In one respect Jefferson was less fortunate than Wilson. The stupidity and insolent injustice of the British government proceeded so far that a co-belligerency against Napo-

leon was even more clearly out of the question than continued neutrality. No dramatic reversal of policy was possible. Long before his administration ended, it became obvious that his gigantic failure would have to be publicly confessed in the repeal of the embargo.

Seldom has a statesman, full of the conviction of rectitude, been placed in a dilemma so embarrassing. Jefferson had the sensitiveness of a girl to praise, and the tremulousness of a child under rebuke. But he had an unconquerable tenacity of purpose. "Pliant and conciliatory in manner," Henry Adams calls him, "but steady as the magnet itself in aim." Like Wilhelmus Kieft he was convinced that an unkind fate had scored a ten-to-one shot against him. When the failure of his peaceable coercion became obvious, he wrote to Monroe: "There has never been a situation in the world before in which such endeavors as we have made would not have secured our peace. It is probable that there will never be such another." This conviction that he was the victim of chance, and of the pigmy-mindedness of his fellow countrymen, was never altered. Within a few months of his death, in 1826, he wrote to Giles: "Persevered in a little longer, [the embargo] would have effected its object completely." During the last months of his Presidency, he labored almost piteously with Congress that the repeal might be delayed until Madison, already elected, should assume office. But for once Congress rebelled. Jefferson himself signed the repeal as the last act of "his long reign." He was able, however, to leave to his faithful henchman the disgraceful war which he had rendered inevitable.

Even in his own party the hatred he had engendered was intense. "Never has there been an administration," said the Democrat, John Randolph, "which went out of office and left the nation in a state so deplorable and calamitous." The Democrat Dallas wrote to the Democrat Gallatin: "I verily believe that one more year of writing, speaking and appointing would have rendered Mr. Jefferson a more odious President, even to the Democrats, than John Adams." The great-grandson of Jefferson's Federalist predecessor was a Democrat and a free-silverite; but the verdict of Henry Adams is the most sweeping of all:

Jefferson's "sorest trial" was loss of popularity. . . . Not until the embargo faded from men's minds did the mighty shadow

of Jefferson's Revolutionary name efface the ruin of his presidency. . . . Jefferson had undertaken to create a government which should interfere in no way with private action, and he had created one which interfered directly in the concerns of every private citizen in the land. . . . He had hoped to make his country pure and free; to abolish war, with its train of debt, extravagance, corruption and tyranny; to build up a government devoted only to useful and moral objects; to bring upon earth a new era of peace and good will among men. Throughout the twistings and windings of his course as President, he clung to this main idea. . . . By repealing the embargo, Congress avowedly, and even maliciously, trampled on the only part of Jefferson's statesmanship which claimed originality and which in his own opinion entitled him to rank as a philosophic legislator.

"Twistings and windings!" Woodrow Wilson (also a Democrat) wrote in his *History of the United States* the following extraordinary sentence: "Jefferson deliberately practiced the arts of the politician, and exhibited oftentimes the sort of insincerity which subtle natures yield to without loss of essential integrity." Whatever we may think of the morals implied in this sentence, they were undoubtedly the subtle morals of Jefferson. All that was left of his career as a creative statesman was his self-styled "revolution" of 1800 against those perilous monocrats, Hamilton and Washington. It was probably a conviction of this that inspired the otherwise inexplicable Anas. No subtler sacrifice of "essential integrity" was ever made—and none more unnecessary. Muddle-headed and self-contradictory as was the genius that founded the Democratic party in one mood and bought Louisiana in another, asserting an autocratic power at all times in the name of a free people, it was still genius; and it has been recognized as such, even by Federalists and latter-day Republicans, beginning with George Washington.

Jefferson's pride seems to have suffered quite as much as his integrity. In the epitaph which he wrote for his monument, he stated that he was author of the Declaration of Independence, and Father of the University of Virginia; but he did not mention the fact that he was twice President of the United States. He could scarcely have forgotten it.

That two men of this curious character, actuated by identically the same ideals and theories, and assuming autocratic authority in the name of democracy, should have been elected and re-elected to the Presidency of the United

States, and at an interval of over a hundred years, affords a curious commentary on our national psychology. The fact seems to be that they appealed to our two dominant virtues, each of which nurtures in its heart a vice that at any moment may become dominant. We are at once the most practical of peoples and the most idealistic. We are quite capable of standing aside while the world is in conflagration—not to fiddle, oh no!—but to snatch a profit out of the holocaust. And, when the right call is sounded, we are equally capable of sublime heroism on the field of battle, of sublime renunciation of our economic interests.

The man who would lead such a people to the full realization of its destiny must have, as Washington and Lincoln had, a consummate clarity of thought and realism in action; the essence of his mind, as of his heart, must be sincerity and integrity. There can be no place in his policies for ideals that remain beautiful only by remaining vague or for theories that are knocked into a cocked hat by contact with the ultimate human fact; for the only possible outcome, in the struggle of political life, is a series of weak shifts and evasions, of dangerous handsprings and somersaults. A statesman who thinks "philosophically," and acts with no precise estimate of the result, can gain leadership among us; and by subtly practicing "the arts of the politician" he can maintain it for an incredibly long time. But dishonesty is none the less corroding because it is of the mind. Nor is it less dishonest. When the people at last finds such a leader out, its vengeance is terrible.

To Woodrow Wilson, overtaken by his dilemma at the beginning of his second term, no sage-like retreat to Monticello was possible. With spectacular skill, he leaped upon the war horse. But his pacifism survived, unshaken. Once again he is endeavoring to insure the world a limitless future of government by proclamation and peaceable coercion. And once again he is endeavoring to enforce it upon a free people regardless of their judgment and of that of their chosen representatives. Meantime, in sixteen different parts of the world, the wacht-meester has his thumb to his nose.

JOHN CORBIN.